SMOKE

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Edited and published by

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SONNET

Take thou these flowers from gardens where the streams
Have suffered drought, where spring has been unkind;
Take thou these songs from one who can not bind
Smooth harmonies to his disordered themes.
Take thou these poems, although the craftsman seems
Incapable of what his heart designed;
And, though the nightmare oft possess his mind,
Take thou the nightmare with his happier dreams.

More than this love I offer thou hast much:
Pleasure and praise, worship of nobler men;
Yet I aspire, though character and pen
Miss thee by leagues of altitude, to touch
Thy life, and having touched it to possess,
Leaving thee poor amidst my lavishness.

Robert Hillyer.

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FOR ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

When the hills are lytch-fires burning low
To light for mortals the way they go,
And the leaves drop down and the grasses fall,
And the autumn winds cry funeral—
Then every man will bow his head
To the visible pomp of the passing dead.
But few have seen, or shared the grief
Of the dropping, twisting, first-struck leaf
That comes alone to the grass.

Philip Clark.

THE PUPPET-MASTER

And then the hands
Of the Puppet-Master dropped the loosened strands,
And the world slept;
His expert fingers rested, the mouth adept
At piping tunes for all the world to dance,
With nonchalance
Smiled wearily; he jingled in his cup
Coin taken up.

And thus let drop,
The careless puppets on the revolving top
In disarray
Slept dreamlessly as the uncaring clay
Whereon they woke to dance, and woke to spring
Upward by string
And to its twist walk, run, and last of all
Enter the ball.

So there in space,
With the inevitable hood before his face
The Puppet-God
Rested—as even the immortals nod—
Above the stilled carousel that went round
Without a sound,
Until he clicked his knuckles of bare bone;
The tune went on.

Winfield Scott.

RITOURNELLE AS NOVEMBER NIGHT-RAIN

Compassionate, so no man question it,
with scintillant thronged glass and collonade,
the City glows between the shrouded hills
and the harbour where level riding-lights are swinging.
Amber and red and green: so graciously
the lamps change and melt, green, amber, red!
and the wet pavement, streaming,
burns with enchanted garnet stain on asphalt.

Who turns from the quay and faces the soft rain,
who traces the range of lights from the waterfront
to the crystal Plaza, to the patios
on the knolled fringe of the town, to the still
palms where his house is grey and russet:
who walks so, eyes lifted, face to the rain,
thinks in the lover invisibly walking with him:

Here is your gate, turn in. You have not been far.
She waits here, turning page after blinded page,
whose hair is liquid gold on the amorous pillow,
comb and clasp of bone, fragile ivory symbols
threading a flood of gold white into amber.
Unpurse your full tongue, richly defy
this bright thunder; in the forgiving spasm
precisely between lamp-sphere and icy dark
go in to her, pour into her the solving
nights wept for, and languish a short season:
hold her fast, question her, test her pity.
You have not outgrown these things: remark

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the surgence of April tenderness where once you scourged
green warmth with Fall: and the rain came, and immortally
springing, a fresh compassion.

Stranger, unwanted,
go in, unwanted, lie down with her, merge, and sleep.
This rain of November, November-rain's erasure.

(. . . and he had worn no other face than this,
this corrugation, parchment of all the nights
wept for, hard with static disfiguring
of error. Believe him, he had worn
no other heart than this heart, credibly thin,
whose chancel cracks in thin rain of November,
whose frozen changeling choirs mutely cry
Requiem requiem at the year's end:
'Birds' dreams in amber of our dead lectuaries. . .')

So quietly the colours change, so sweetly,
amber, and red, and green, he had thought no motion
other than imagined motion of the veiled stars
stirred in that night. Each consenting patio
soft in sliding rain, each doorway
noiseless as birds' thinking; and pools of garnet
where the wheels pass, gently
through amber, red, and green, to the harbour lamps,
where is no sound but rain along glass collonades,
rain, and a fog sifting the sudden quays:
compassionate, so no man question it.

Dudley Fitts.

SONG from JULIANA OR THE PRINCESS OF POLAND

Lo, behind a Scene of Seas,
Under a Canopy of Trees,
    The fair new Golden World was laid;
    Sleeping like a naked Maid,
    Till alas! she was betray'd:
In such shades *Urania* lay,
Till Love discover'd out a way:
And now she cries some Power above,
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

Her poor heart had no defence,
But its Maiden Innocence;
    In each sweet retiring Eye,
    You might easily descry
    Troops of yielding Beauties flye,
Leaving Rare unguarded Treasure
To the Conquerors will and pleasure:
And now she cries, ———— &c.

Now and then a stragling frown,
Through the shades skipt up and down;
    Shooting such a piercing Dart,
    As would make the Tyrant smart,
    And preserve her Lips, and Heart.
But alas; her Empire's gone,
Thrones and Temples all undone:
And now she cries ———— &c.

Charm aloft the stormy Winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines,
    And let Spaniard Love be tore
    On some cruel Rocky Shore,
    Where he'll put to Sea no more;
Lest poor conquer'd Beauty cry,
Oh! I'm wounded! oh! I dye!
And there is no power above
Saves me from this Tyrant love.

John Crowne.
(C. 1640-1714)

John Crowne (Harvard, 1660) went to London soon after graduating, in a futile attempt to recover the family estates in Nova Scotia. He never returned, but became a distinguished Restoration playwright, a friend of Charles II and at one time collaborator with Dryden. Even in the Restoration court he retained some impress of his Puritan training. His masque, *Calisto,* and his comedy, *Sir Courtly Nice,* were noted for their decency; Rochester in his satire of 1678 testifies to his personal cleanliness; and under James II, Crowne fought Popery vehemently. But beyond these points, he was the victim of the latest literary fashions. The song from *Juliana,* which opens his first play, is his only tribute to America. The text is from the first edition (1671). The 1873-4 edition of his works reads "these" for "the" in stanza 4, line 2.

GODS TO ORDER

Craftsman, take this block of wood
And carve a face inscrutable;
I'll bend my neck and call him good,
Omnipotent, immutable.

And let his toenails be of gold,
His eyes of chrysoberyl;
I'll see that he is silken-stoled
And he'll guard me from peril.

I'll varnish him to keep out worms;
I'll beg his condescension;
He'll be the infinite, in terms
Of easy comprehension.

For now I have a stinging mind.
An atavistic craving
Demands a god of just this kind,——
Neat, tangible and saving.

Since here are life and death and I
In intricate confusion,
The refuge of a certainty
Is more than mere delusion.

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The old, recurrent questions come
But they are answered never
Except by lips forever dumb,
And eloquent forever.

So, craftsman, take this block of wood,
These gems, this precious yellow:
Go make the god that I'll call good.——
What shall it cost me, fellow?

Kile Crook.

THE TRIANGLE

A little gray lizard
Is stalking a fly,
A reptilian wizard
With three fingered hands.
A dust blue humming bird
From far warmer lands,
A small air-drumming bird
With never a cry
Disputes with a red butterfly
The flowery rights
To the vine on my porch
While the lizard stops hunting
To judge.

Dana Hill.

OVERTURE

The shy flute of my heart whispers first song
And fades into the soft, slow-swelling cry
Of woodwinds like a gently-blended throng
Of wild bird voices winnowing the sky
With intricate cadenzas, while the dawn
Mounts the far hills on many muted strings,
Rising and falling, climbing up and on,
Until the shout of horns echoes and rings
From the ridges and the throb of drums sounds in
The valleys, stirring stones, and streams, and trees
To madness, making tongues awake, begin
Their grand crescendo, as the baton frees
Each one from silence till the song's full beat
Thunders fortissimo about your feet.

W. H. Gerry.

Subscriptions to *Smoke* are at the rate of four issues for one dollar.
Both these and all other communications should be sent to

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